

The winter soldier

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Summary: After the Winter war, Finland has been a peace loving nation, that everyone sees as a nice and kind person. But, the truth is, Finland is afraid that everyone thinks that he's weak. So, what will he do? A one-shot story of Finland and his hardship.

The winter soldier

Hetalia: The winter soldier

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\_A/N: So, basically, I was bored. And so, I decided to write a Hetalia story, of Finland! He's just the cutest thing ever! I like his character a lot, because he's sweet and nice, but he's also strong and braveâ€| at least sometimes XD. This story is probably a one-shot, and it tells basically about Finland and his hardship. He's a strong and independent nation, believe me.\_

\_So, because I'm a Finn myself, it's easy for me to write this story. Translations are in the bottom, there will be lots of Finnish in this story, because it's Tinos native language after all. Hope you like it! \_

\_D/C: I don't own anything from  
Hetalia.\_

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\* \_

The Winter war:

The cold wind blew against his face, but he didn't even shiver. He was used to this kind of coldness and there was no way he would back off. He was on duty, hunting down Russians with few other men.

It was year 1939 and the time of the cruel Winter war.

Tino Väinämäkinen was a sniper and had killed so many men already, that he didn't even care to count anymore. He was a miracle, or that's what the other said to him.

Now, he was walking towards his death, at least he thought so. He had been ordered to go behind the Russians and surprise them. It was a suicide mission and he knew that.

"\_Ylläköö vaan ne", \_he remembered his orders. "\_Sää pystyt siihen."

—

"Hei, Tino", said Matias, a another soldier behind him. "Näetkö tai kuuletko sää mitään?"

"Jos tarkoitat ryssiä, niin ei täällä ole ketään", Tino answered, resting his rifle against his left shoulder. "Pysytään vain tuulen alapuolella ja meillä on mahdollisuus yllätyshyökkäykseen."

Indeed, they were on they way to the actual battle field, where hundreds of soldiers had already died. Finnish people were having really hard time, but it wasn't any easier for the Russians. After all, they had come with great force, but without a good strategy.

Still, to Tino, it was quite obvious that who would win this war.

"Mua pelottaa", Inari said with a shaky voice. Tino looked behind him and saw the young brown haired male shivering in fear. He was holding on to his necklace, a cross, and begging for the God to let them live. "En halua kuolla vielä."

"Ä, lä pelleille Inari", said the fourth guy, Olli, with an irritated voice. "Sää säikäytät vielä muut."

"Mutta kun meitä on vain kymmenen!" Inari yelled back. "Ja ryssiä on jotain tuhat!"

Tino shook his head and stopped suddenly. The wind brought strange smell with it and he could hear the gunshots and screams of people. He kneeled down and motioned everyone to do the same.

"Pysykää tässä", Tino said. "Ä, lkää liikkuko tippakaan. Mää tulen kohta takaisin."

After saying that he left quietly. No one could hear his footsteps and no one could see him, because he was dressed in a white uniform, that hid him well. Tino stopped in front of a huge tree, and climbed on it quickly.

He saw some Russians talking about hundred meter forward. There were seven of them, but thanks to the wind, they had yet to notice the others. Tino loaded his rifle quietly and targeted the man who looked to be the leader.

"Ja näin käy, kun jättöte paikoillenne", Tino muttered to himself. \_Breath in, \_he thought. \_Breath out. Steady, steady and shoot!\_

The first shot was easy, and so were the four next ones. The Russians hadn't expected to be attacked from this side of the battle field. Tino jumped of the tree and ran towards another one. He was quick and very used to this. The Russians were now panicking, after losing their leader, they didn't know what to do. Some of them ran. But Tino was too fast, even tho shooting moving targets was harder, soon all of the seven were dead.

Tino collected all the useful stuff, that wasn't so heavy and headed back. When he got back, the others were still laying in the snow.

"Nouskaa nyt yläs", Tino said. "Jatketaan matkaa."

He tossed water and food to the others and put his rifle against his shoulder again. He was ready to kill, to fight anytime. For his country, for his freedom.

\_\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_\_

Present:

Finland woke up with a loud yell. He was shivering a little and he couldn't stop thinking the dream he had had. He was covered in cold sweat and his breath was harsh.

\_The Winter war\_

The war had happened long ago, nothing was wrong now. Finland and Russia were good friends, the past had been forgiven. But still, sometimes Finland just couldn't shake the bad dreams, \_memories, \_away. He always dreamed of the moment before he lost his whole squad. They had been destroyed, Matias, Inari, Olli all of them had died. Finland, Tino, was the only one who survived.

He still felt guilty about it, because he had ran. He had left them in order to complete the mission given to him.

If he just had stayed, they could have lived. But no, his duty had been more important back then.

These days, Finland tried his best to be nice and caring. He tried his best to forget everything from his past, from the war. Because of feeling guilty of his squads death, he had changed himself to a nicer person. Of course, he had always been a nice and caring nation, but after war, it had been hard to stay that way.

Finland's thoughts were cut off by a loud knock to the door.

"Come in", he said. The door wasn't locked, so whoever was the knocker, came in slowly.

It was Sweden.

"Oh, Su-san", Finland said. "How can I help you?" He smiled kindly, as the taller blonde came closer.

"Y' scr'amed", the taller blonde said. "'s ev'r'thing 'kay?"

"Yes, of course", Finland responded. "I'm sorry if I woke you up, Su-san."

"D'd y' h've a bad dr'am?" Sweden asked, concern showing in his voice. Finland was very close with the taller blonder, they had grown very fond of each other in the past years.

Finland sighed. "Well, yes", he answered. "But it's nothing, seriously. Just forget it, Su-san. You should go to sleep."

The taller blonde stared at Finland for a moment, but decided to leave. "C'll me if anyth'gn h'ppens."

"Of course."

The room was quiet after the taller blonder left. Finland sighed again, holding his head in his hands. He had totally forgotten that they were now visitors in Ivan's (Russia) house, because of the world meeting. Sweden's room was just next to him, and of course he had heard him scream.

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_

The next day started like any other day, except that Finland wasn't in his own house alone. He was preparing some coffee with America in the kitchen of Russia's house. He liked the atmosphere there, it was nice to meet others again. And America was so talkative, that he didn't feel alone at all.

"Here's your coffee", Finland said, putting the cup on the table, in front of the blonde man.

"Thank you, Finland", America said happily. "So did you sleep well?"

"Well, could've slept better", Finland answered as he poured coffee to his own cup.

"What do you mean?"

"I just think that I'm already little homesick."

To that, the other male laughed. "You are so cute!" America said. "So innocent and all."

Finland smiled a little. \_Innocent, huh?\_

Soon came Germany, Japan and Sweden. And, it didn't take long until all of them were there - well, most of them. Let's just say that Iceland and Denmark liked to sleep a lot.

"Are you enjoying your time?" Russia asked from everyone.

"Your house is way too big", France complained. "And I miss my own, also the food is bad."

"It was quite cold", China muttered.

"Now, now", Finland said. "Don't be so rude, we should be glad that Russia let us use his house for this meeting. So, please, behave

yourself."

"You're too nice, Finland", Austria said, shaking his head.

"I agree with Austria", said Japan.

"And I disagree with Austria", said England. "I think that Finland has a good point, without Russia we wouldn't have probably kept this meeting."

"And that would've been nice", Norway said.

Finland just sighed, and apologized to Russia, holding his head down. "I'm sorry for their behavior."

"Haha, don't worry", Russia said, smiling kindly (or he was trying to) "You don't have to be sorry for them, Finland. It makes you look so submissive."

"Huh?" was what Finland said to that. He hated to be called submissive, like he would still be under some bigger nation. He was independent nation, not some submissive little kid! He was almost losing his kind smile, and Finland was going to say something bad, but Sweden came in between.

"C'n we t'lk, Finn?" Sweden asked, and before Finland had a chance to answer, he was pulled away by the taller blonde.

Sweden took him to a another room and told him to sit down. Finland just obeyed, feeling uneasy. Things like this didn't happen usually, he did not loose his composure so easily. Expect, today. Probably because of the dream he had.

"Wh'ts wr'ng?" Sweden asked after walking around the room for a moment. "Y' seem l'ttl' off t'day."

"It's nothing Su-san", Finland answered. But Sweden just stared at him, cold look in his eyes. It scared Finland a little, so he started talking.

"I just don't want others to look down on me anymore. Next year, I've been an independent nation for one hundred years, but everyone still sees me as a weak and small nation", he said. "Am I little stupid for thinking like this? I mean, my country is good. Everything in my country is okay. We're a strong nation, right?" Finland looked up to Sweden, looking for a answer.

The icy blue eyes looked back to him, and suddenly Sweden smiled. It was a small smile, but a kind one.

"Y'r countr' is str'ng and no 'ne thinks th't y' are weak", he said. "Just bel've in y'rself."

Finland relaxed after those words. "You're right, Su-san."

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_

The Winter war:

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Tino found himself again in the Winter field, where blood ran like a river and those screams never stopped. He was running towards the forest, where he would be save at the moment. His rifle was still in his hand, but it was covered in blood and it was useless now, because Tino had used all of his ammo up. And he had no other gun. Except the one he could use for a suicide.

He still wished not to use it.

"Tino, juokse!" he heard Matias yell behind him. "Tuon metsä on takana, siellä on ryssien joukot!" Tino turned his head around, to see that the others were staying behind, fighting for their lives. But the Russians were obviously too much, there was too many of them.

Tino hadn't seen them coming, they just attacked out of nowhere. Olli and Tomi where already dead.

"Tulkaa nyt jättäkääpääst!" Tino yelled back at Matias. "Ei ole syytä kuolla nyt!"

"Kylläpä on!" Matias yelled. "Me taistellaan - me kuollaan - maamme vuoksi! Siinä on tarpeeksi syytä kuolla! Tino, suorita tehtäväsi loppuun! OLE KILTTI JA ELÄ,!" There was a loud gunshot and Matias fell to the snowy ground, without any sound. A pool of blood appeared soon under him.

"E- ei", Tino whispered.

Oh, how he wanted to stay. He wanted to fight and make them pay. Kill them all. Kill. But because of them, he kept running. \_I can revenge, \_he thought. \_I can revenge for them. \_

When Tino reached the trees he heard Inari yell in agony, but the scream was cut off suddenly. Tino refused to look back as he kept running and crying soundlessly. Soon, he couldn't hear anything anymore. The sounds behind him had stopped, the Russians had killed them all.

\_God! Please, let me survive until the end! \_Tino begged in his mind. \_Don't let them die in vain! \_

And after that, when Tino finally reached the Russians, he attacked them with all he had. He made them scream like Olli had, beg like Inari had and cry out for their friends like Matias had. He made them suffer the same pain his friends had gone through. They didn't deserve to live.

Tino had to make them \_pay. \_

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_

The next morning, all of the nations were just chilling outside, because they had already finished the meeting, and now they had some free time. Tomorrow all of them would return to their own countries.

Finland was sitting against a tree, trying to stay awake. Last night hadn't been any better, and he hadn't slept almost at all.

Sweden was sitting next to him, a worried look in his eyes. The other nations didn't seem to notice any difference in Finland, but he didn't mind. At least he had some peace.

"Did y' h've an'ther n'ghtm're?" Sweden asked.

"Something like that", Finland muttered back. He was having hard time on staying awake.

"Wh't are y' dr'ming ab't?"

At first, Finland didn't want to answer, but he didn't want to hurt Sweden by just ignoring him, so he decided to talk.

"The Winter war."

"Oh", Sweden said. "\_Oh\_", he said again, as he realized what Finland was talking about. "D'es it r'llly b'ther y' th't m'ch?"

"Not when I'm awake, Su-san", Finland said. "Only when I'm not. I can't control my dreams, after all. And it doesn't make me feel any better, that these dreams are actually \_memories.\_"

Sweden was going to say something, but before he could, a ball flew towards Finland, hitting him on the face.

"Finn!" Sweden yelled, surprised and concerned at the same time.

"Perkele sentÃ¤Ã¶n", Finland muttered, as he rubbed his face. He had accidentally switched in his own language, and no one understood him.

"Wh't?" Sweden asked.

"Nothing", Finland muttered, feeling little embarrassed. He had just cursed in front of everybody.

"I'm so sorryyy", it was Italy. "I'm so bad at kicking ball!"

The brown haired man was walking towards him, looking sacred and sorry. Finland blinked his eyes and sighed.

"It's nothing", he said kindly. "I should have watched out."

"You idiot!" that was Germany. "Apologize, now!"

The tall male was talking to the brown haired smaller male, making Italy shiver. Finland sighed again, he thought that Germany was sometimes way too mean to Italy.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry", Italy repeated. "I'm so sorry."

"Enough", Finland said. "Apologize accepted, now go and play."

"'re y' 'kay?" Sweden asked.

"I'm fine", Finland replied, smiling as he did. "It just surprised me, nothing else."

"Good to hear that", Germany said. "Now, come Italy. I'll teach you how to kick properly."

"Heey!" America said. "I can teach American football to you!"

"No thanks", Germany said coldly.

"Okay", America sighed sadly. "I'll just go and build a sand castle hereâ€¦"

Finland sweat dropped and looked back to Italy - who was still apologizing. "Seriously, enough Italy. One apologize is enough."

Italy looked at him and soon he was smiling again. "You're so nice, Finland! I wish everyone would be like you."

"He's nice until you try to take over his country, da", Russia said to that.

Italy turned his gaze at the tall male, who was standing few meters away. He was bullying the Baltic's again, expect Estonia.

"Is that so?" the pasta loving nation said.

Russia smiled and left the Baltic's alone. He walked closer slowly, and he smile turned creepier by the second. Sweden stiffened and Finland grabbed his hand in order to stop the taller blonde from doing anything stupid. Sometimes the bigger nations didn't get along at all.

"Yes, indeed", Russia said. "He's a real fighter, believe me. The best sniper in the Nordic lands, da."

"Really?" Italy asked, turning his gaze back at Finland. "Are you really that good?"

"It's been quite long since I last had a gun in my hands", Finland answered. "So, how should I put itâ€¦" He thought it for a moment. "It's all just history", he finally said.

"Can a small nation like you do anything?" that was Netherlands, the tall man, who had always hated both Sweden and Finland. He had some kind of problem with the two Nordic countries. "I know your people did quite well in the second World war, but you, I don't think so."

Sweden jumped up so fast and so suddenly, that both Finland and Italy yelped. "I d'nt th'nk y've got an'thing to s'y, Holland. Finn f'ght b'tt'r th'n y' w'll 'ver."

"Su-san, don't say that", Finland said, before Netherlands had a chance to answer. "Let's just forget that we ever talked about this." He was feeling uncomfortable, because all this time, after the war, he had tried his best to forget it. To become a better man, that's what he wanted.

He didn't want to fight anymore.

"Oh, so you're saying that he's better than I am?" Netherlands said, coldly and with a really, really mean voice, that made Finland shiver.

But he at the same time, something inside him wanted to scream at the taller male's face that he was not weak. That he could fight, kill. He hadn't felt like that in years, not really even once after the second World War had ended. He knew, that he would always fight for his own country, for his people. But for his own pride?

No, he hadn't thought of doing that. Finland thought that it wasn't so important. Or he had thought, but now Netherlands was pissing him off. And Sweden was defending him - like he needed that. It made him feel small and weak.

And he really hated that, the feeling that the Soviet Union had given him when they had tried to take over Finland. At the war, he had little bit of power and he wasn't scared. After the war, things changed. He didn't need the will to fight anymore, so it disappeared from him.

Or that's what he thought, but obviously, that feeling had only been buried very deep inside of him. And now, it was awakening.

"He's not saying anything like that", Finland said, his voice turning cold. "So just let it go, please."

Netherlands looked down at him, obviously angry. Most of the other nations had come closer to see what all the commotion was about. Russia was smiling like an idiot next to the very serious looking Germany. Italy looked like he was scared and America had stopped building his sand castle. Where were they actually waiting for Finland to fight against Netherlands?

\_No way in hell, \_Finland thought. He was not going to fight, definitely not.

"Then let's have a shooting contest", Netherlands said.

"What?" Finland asked, little dumfounded. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious", Netherlands said. "You and me, now. Russia, do you have any guns here?"

"Few", the other male answered, smiling like a devil. "I can go and get two rifles for you, da."

"Do it", Netherlands commanded, and to Finland's surprise, Russia actually left without saying another word. He would have thought that the bigger nation would have got angry for being bossed around by a smaller one.

"Hey, now", England said. "Are you sure about this?" He seemed to talk more to Finland than Netherlands, and Finn was very aware of the other nations around him, who were waiting for his answer.

Honestly, Finland was little scared of Netherlands, because he was big and strong. And he had a scary face.

But he hated being looked down at. He hated when people thought he

was weak.

"Of course we're sure", Finland heard himself say, before he could stop. "It's just a little contest, nothing big. What could go wrong?" He was smiling, but he knew that it wasn't a kind one.

Everyone were obviously surprised by his answer. Did he really seem that weak to them? That he couldn't even answer to a little challenge like this?

"You can't win", Sweden said quietly. "You're strong."

After the contest, Finland promised in his mind to thank the other nation for being there for him.

**\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_**

He was so nervous, when Russia gave the rifle to him. It was a beautiful one, it had been obviously expensive. And it looked good, and Finland knew that Russia kept his weapons in very good shape.

He wasn't quite sure was it a good or bad thing - to store old guns in his house. How did he even use them? Finland was sure that Russia didn't hunt.

"Now", Russia said, still smiling. They were at the forest that was next to Russia's house, standing in a large circle. It was a good place to shoot, without anyone getting hurt. "The rules are simple, you just need to hit the center of this target. The one who hits it the most, is the winner. There are ten targets. Simple, isn't it, da?"

"Let's just start", Netherlands said. "I go first."

"Sure", Finland nodded.

He shot well, scary well. Netherlands only missed once, so it meant that to win, Finland had to hit all targets, without a mistake.

"Ready to go, Finn?" Russia asked. "You could still back away."

"No thanks", Finland said, sounding very confident. Even though, he was feeling so nervous.

**\_All I need to do, is remember everything from the war, \_he thought.  
\_I can shoot, I can do this. Remember. \_**

He took his shooting position and slowed his breathing. He listened the wind and smelled the nature around him. There was quiet. **\_In and out, slowly. Breath, steady and shoot. \_**

It was so different, so, so different from shooting in a war. There was nothing bothering him and the wind had just stopped. It so **\_easy\_**. Finland's first shot was a bulls-eye, meaning, it hit the targets centre.

No one moved, no one said anything. Finland wasn't feeling so nervous anymore, because he could remember it all, and so easily. It was like he would've held the rifle just the other day, like those years of

not using any weapons didn't matter. He had already shot five times, hitting his targets center without any effort at all.

\_Breath, in and out. Breath again, steadily, \_he told himself.  
\_Shoot. \_Another bulls-eye, another target.

It was over more faster than he had thought. When he had nothing to shoot at anymore, he lowered his rifle and looked back at the others. Most of them looked surprised, but Sweden and Russia were both smiling. They knew, they had seen him fighting before.

"Ganska bra, Finn", Sweden said. "Y' did w'lll."

Finland grinned, feeling more confident than in forever. "Tack so mycket", he said back to the taller blonde. He wasn't so good at talking in other languages, so left it at that.

"You won, da", Russia said. "Looks like you still have it in you."

Netherlands didn't say anything at first, so Finland went to him and said: "I really don't like fighting, Holland. But you know this yourself, that sometimes it's okay to fight for your pride."

"I understand that", Netherlands said. "And I admit, I was wrong. I'm just wondering - how did you learn to shoot like that? Were you actually fighting out in the Winter war?"

"Of course I was", Finland said, smiling a little. "It's my country, I'd die for it."

"I think everyone of us would do the same", Germany said.

"Indeed", England nodded, and for once, all of the others agreed.

"I hope things will be better between the two of us, from now on", Netherlands said to Finland, offering his hand. Finland didn't even hesitate to take it.

He smiled even more brightly. "Sure!"

Finland was sure, that after this day, he shouldn't be afraid of nightmares anymore. After all, past was in the past. And it wasn't like everything around that time had been bad, Finland still remembered the time when he had finally gotten home. He remembered how happy he had been, when the war had finally ended.

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_

End of the Winter war:

The cold winter wind blew again around him and the small snowflakes landed on the frosty ground, coloring it beautiful white. There was peaceful and no sound at all. How Tino had missed this.

He let the rifle drop to the snowy ground and sighed loudly. Then he fell on his knees, luckily no one was there to see it. Or maybe he wished that there would be someone. Like Matias or Inari.

\_Oh, how he missed them. \_

But it was over now, the Winter war was finally over. The cruel war of 105 days had finally ended and even tho Finland practically lost, Tino knew that in will, they had won. No one had given up, and it had been a miracle that the Soviet Union let them still be a independent nation.

Tino was alone, returning home from the bloody battle fields. But in his way home, he saw no one and the snow was still beautiful white. There was no blood there, no evil. Even if he missed his friends, he was still free.

His country was free. And Tino promised in his mind, that as long as he lived, they would always stay free and independent. Because believe it or not - Finland was born to be free.

Tino smiled at the thought in his mind, and stood up again. It wouldn't take long until he would reach his own house, his home. When he finally stood in front of his house, all he could say was:

"Kotona ollaan."

\_The end\_

\_\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*Hetalia\*\*\_

\_A/N: A weird story? Maybe, but remember, I was just bored. All those who live in the Netherlands, I don't mean to offend anyone. It's just that Netherlands, Sweden and Finland aren't really the best friends in Hetalia. \_

\_Please review if you liked it, it would make me so glad. Oh, and here, are the translations! They come in order of saying: \_

\_1. "Just surprise them, you can do it." - orders to Tino\_

\_2. "Hey, Tino. Do you see or hear anything?" - Matias to Tino\_

\_3. "If you mean the Russians, then no. There's no one here. Let's just stay under the wind, and we may have the chance for a surprise attack." - Tino (Finland) to Matias\_

\_4. "I'm scared. I don't want to die yet." - Inari to his squad\_

\_5. "Stop playing around, Inari. You'll scare the others." - Olli to Inari\_

\_6. "But there's only ten of us! And then there's like thousand Russians!" - Inari to Olli\_

\_7. "Stay here. Don't move at all, I'll be back soon." - Tino to his own squad\_

\_8. "And this is what happens, when you stop for a break." - Tino to himself/ the Russians\_

\_9. "Get up. Let's continue the journey." - Tino to his own squad\_

\_10. "Tino, run! Behind that forest are the Russians!" - Matias to Tino\_

\_11. "Come on, you idiots! There is no reason for you to die!" - Tino to Matias\_

\_12. "Yes, there is! We fight - we die - for our country! That's enough reason to die! Tino, you must finish this mission! PLEASE, LIVE ON!" Matias says his last words to Tino\_

\_13. "N- no", Tino to himself\_

\_14. There is not actually any right way to translate this, but it's basically a Finnish curse word (very common used). I suppose it means like shit or fuck.\_

\_15. "Good job/Well done." Sweden to Finland\_

\_16. "Thank you very much." Finland to Sweden\_

\_17. "I'm back home." Finland to himself\_

\_A/N: So, that's it, hope you enjoyed. Have a nice day and seriously, don't forget to review as you go! \_

End  
file.